THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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WATERLOO.

BY S. C. ABBOTT.

The return of Napoleon from Elba to Paris was the signal for all the allied armies of Europe to be on the march to crush him. Hurriedly Napoleon collected 100,000 men to repel the million of bayonets now crowding upon France. Wellington and Blucher were in the vicinity of Brussels with 100,000 each. To save France the horrors of invasion, Napoleon resolved to cross the frontier, and to fall upon one body of the enemy and then another, until they should be compelled to negotiate.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 12th of June, Napoleon left the Tulleries for his last campaign. He took leave of Caulaincourt, saying, "Farewell; we must conquer or die." Driving rapidly through the day and the succeeding night, he arrived on the morning of the 13th at Avesnes, 150 miles from Paris. Here he had assembled all his available force. Wellington was at Brussels, and Blucher a few leagues from him, neither of them dreaming of an attack. They were waiting the arrival of 200,000 Russians, with whom they were to commence their march upon Paris. Napoleon's plan was to attack Wellington by surprise, and destroy his force, and then Blucher's and then march against the Russians.

In an hour after Napoleon's arrival at Avesnes his whole army was in motion. By different routes they were directed to meet at Charleroi, 35 miles distant at an appointed hour. General Bourmont was in charge of one of these divisions. Infamously he deserted, and revealed to the allies the plans of the Emperor. Behind the entrenchments of Charleroi, Napoleon found ten thousand Prussians ready to dispute his passage. He attacked them so vigorously that they soon retreated, leaving 2000 of their dead behind them. It was 30 miles from Charleroi to Brussels. Ten miles on this road is situated the little hamlet of Quatre Bras, Ney, with 40,000 men, was ordered to advance immediately to that spot. "Concentrate there your men," said the Emperor. "Fortify your army by field-works. Hasten, so that by midnight this position, occupied, and impregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack." Blucher, acting from the information received by the traitor Bourmont, was hastening with 80,000 troops to join Wellington. Napoleon, at the head of 50,000, unexpectedly encountered him. After one of the most terrible conflicts ever waged, the Prussians fled utterly routed, leaving 20,000 weltering in their blood and 10,000 prisoners in the hands of Napoleon. Had Ney obeyed his orders the Prussian army would have perished without the escape of a man.

But as Ney approached Quatrie Bras, in a dark night, of storm and floods of rain, and through an ocean of mire, he allowed his exhausted troops to stop, a few miles before reaching that all important point, which he intended to take with the earliest morning light. He sent word that the post was actually in his possession. Wellington, at a ball in Brussels, turned pale with dismay as he heard of the approach of Napoleon.

It was fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre Bras. Fully aware of the importance of that post instantly dispatched a division to occupy it. Through the whole night these troops passed along the miry road, mingling their tumult with the roar of the tempest. In the morning Ney, in consternation, found that the English had possession of the post. The whole day was spent in the most bloody, desperate and unavailing endeavors to regain it. The anguish of Ney, in view of the irreparable fault, was awful. The night of the 16th of June came; a night of darkness and deluging rain. Napoleon, at Ligny, was a victor. Ney, ten miles distant, at Quatre Bras, was baffled, bleeding and exhausted. Blucher, with his broken battalions, consequently escaped, and retreated towards Wavre, where he was joined by reinforcements. Napoleon sent Grouchy with 30,000 men to pursue him. Wellington fell back to Waterloo, to be joined by his Prussian allies. Such was the state of affairs when the morning of the 17th of June dawned upon these drenched armies.

Napoleon, leaving Grouchy to pursue Blucher, passed over to Quatre Bras, joined his troops with those of Ney, and with this combined force of 70,000 followed Wellington to the spacious plain of Waterloo. Wellington had here skillfully posted his troops on an extended ridge, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Blucher. It was the night of the 17th, dark and rainy, when Napoleon reached the field. For eighteen hours he had not indulged in a moment of repose or received any nourishment. All the night the rain fell in torrents, as the Emperor stationed his men for the battle of the morrow.

Wellington's force has been variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 men. Napoleon had from 65,000 to 75,000. The morning of the 18th dawned lurid and stormy. It was the Sabbath. The undulating plain of Waterloo was a vast wheat field. Soaked with rain, and cut up by the wheels and the tramp of these armies, it now resembled a quagmire. At 8 o'clock the clouds broke, and the sun brilliantly shone out. At half-past ten the troops were all in their positions, the hospitals established in the rear, and the surgeons, with bandages, splinters, knives and saws, ready for their melancholy work.

At 11 o'clock the carnage commenced. The English with their formidable batteries were extended along the ridge of a gentle elevation, about a mile and a half in length. The French, from an opposing ridge, not an eighth of a mile distant, were forming in solid columns, and charging the British line up to the muzzle of their guns. Hour after hour the murderous fight continued, each party apparently as indifferent to bullets, balls, and shells as if they had been snow-flakes.

About the middle of the afternoon the victory seemed to be decided in favor of Napoleon. In many places great gaps had been cut through the British lines, and fugitives, in broken bands, were flying in dismay towards Brussels. It is said that Wellington was in anguish, deeming the battle lost, and that he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, saying, "Would that Blucher or night had come."

Just at this time the quick eye of the Emperor discerned, far off upon the right an immense mass of 60,000 men, rapidly emerging from a forest and descending upon a plain. He hoped it was Grouchy. It ought to have been. It was Blucher. Napoleon now had but 50,000 men, exhausted by exposure, marchings, and many hours of the most desperate fighting. Wellington, with the reinforcements of Blucher's fresh troops, had 100,000 to oppose him.

Twenty thousand of the French soldiers were now either dead or wounded. But 50,000 remained to oppose 100,000. Everything now depended upon the success of a desperate charge before the Prussians could reach the field. The Imperial Guard was immediately brought forward. Napoleon wished to lead it, but yielding to the earnest solicitation of his staff surrendered the command to Ney. In two columns this band, which had never moved but to victory advanced against the batteries of the foe. Both armies, for a moment, rested to behold the sublime spectacle. Not a drum beat, not a bugle sounded, not a word was uttered. Sternly they strode on, till within a few yards of the cannon loaded to the muzzle. There was a flash, a roar, and a cloud of smoke shut the combatants from view, but within that cloud there was incessantly the gleam and the thunder of war's most terrific storm. At the same moment the Prussians came thundering upon the field. A gust of wind for a moment swept away the smoke, and the anxious eye of Napoleon beheld that his Guard had disappeared.

A mortal paleness spread over the cheek of the Emperor, and a panic seized every heart. A scene of horror followed which humanity shudders to contemplate. Napoleon threw himself into a small square he had kept as a reserve, and urged it into the densest throngs of the enemy, that he might perish with the Guard. Camborne seized the bridle of his horse, saying, "Sire, death shuns you. You will be made a prisoner. Yielding to these solicitations, he reluctantly retired. This remnant of his guard bade him adieu, shouting, Vive "Empereur." They were soon surrounded and called upon to surrender. Camborne returned the immortal reply—"The Guard dies; it never surrenders!" A few discharges of grape from the surrounding batteries cut them all down. So perished the Old Guard of Napoleon, and thus terminated the battle of Waterloo.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE.

In the days of old, long before the deep solitudes of the West were disturbed by white men, it the custom of the Indian warriors of the forest to assemble at the great cataract of Niagara, and offer a human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. The offering consisted of a white canoe, full of ripe fruits and beautiful flowers, which was paddled over the terrible Falls by the fairest girl who had just arrived at the age of womanhood. It was counted an honor by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the fearful sacrifice; and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment to be selected to guide the white canoe on its hideous errand. But even in the stoical herrt of the red man there are feelings which cannot be subdued, and chords which snap if strained too tight.

The only daughter of a chief of the Seneca Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara. Her mother had been slain by a hostile tribe, and her father was bravest amongst the warriors; his stern brow seldom relaxed save to his blooming child, who was now the only joy to which he clung on earth. When the lot of the doomed one fell on his beloved daughter not a muscle of his rigid countenance moved; in the pride of Indian endurance he crushed down the agony which rent his bosom. At length the fatal day arrives; savage festivities and rejoicings are prolonged until the shades of evening close around, and the darkness of night falls like a pall over the wild funeral feast.

But the pale beams of the rising moon cast a mystic light upon the dark waters; higher and higher she rises in the still heavens, and the foam and the mists from the mighty Falls gleam with a soft and silvery light. Niagara thunders into the dark abyss, but all besides is in a calm repose; the Queen of Night stoops to kiss the laughing waves, and all nature breathes of love, and peace, and happiness; the wild songs and the wilder whoops of the rejoicing savages suddenly cease; the dread moment has arrived, and a hush—an awful and mysterious hush—is upon the eager, listening crowd.

And now the white canoe glides from the bank, and is instantly swept into the fierce rapids. From this moment escape is hopeless. But the young girl dreams not of escape. Calmly she steers her frail bark towards the centre of the stream, whilst frantic yells and deafening shouts of encouragement burst from the savages who line the banks. Suddenly *another* white canoe leaves the dark shade of the forest, and shoots forth upon the stream. A few powerful strokes from the paddle of the Seneca chief, and the canoes are side by side; the eyes of father and child meet in one last look of love, as together they plunge over the thundering cataract into *Eternity!*

BLIND JOE PARSONS.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from the hospitals at Alexandria, relates the following anecdote:

Joe enlisted in the 1st Maryland regiment and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him, crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold sojer boy;" and observing the broad bandage over his eyes I observed, "What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir,—blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip."

Poor Joe was in the front at Antietam creek; and a Minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as happy as a lark.

"It is dreadful," I said.

"I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir, I might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued, and then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flying all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin' though. So I waited, and listened; and at last I heard a fellow groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I. 'Hello, yourself!' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—'a rebel?' 'You're a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am,' says I; 'what's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed,' says. Can yer walk?' 'No.' Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a d—d rebel, but will you do me a little favor?' 'I will,' says he, 'if I ken.' Then I says 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eye is knocked out, but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out of this. You pint the way, an' I'll tote you off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you,' says he.' And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got onto my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, and he did the navagatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! How'sever the colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from? who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, an' couldn't do no more shootin', an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered."

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested sympathetically.

"That's so," he answered glibly; "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my doot—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault as the old man said of his blind hoss. But—

'I'm a bold soldier boy,'"

he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons!

☞ What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward? "Madam, I'm Adam."

DESTINY.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered cold and weary,
Over a perplexing problem,
That had ne'er been solved before,
Suddenly there came a feeling
Strange, prophetic, o'er me stealing,
Stealing all my senses o'er—
Only this, and nothing more.

I had vainly sought a reason,
Wherefore foul and damning treason
E'er had quit the realms of darkness
On the wild Plutonian shore;
Prayed I for some revelation
From the Fates, by incantation,
What they had for us in store—
Doom of man for ever more.

Spells of magic strongly bound me,
Wailing winds rang requiems round me,
Watching on that lonely shore—
On that wooded, river shore,
Where were lying, with each other,
Friends and foes, who fell together,
In the day that went before—
Bloody day, yet scarcely o'er.

Then, in my prophetic vision,
Saw I plain the fields elysian,
And their happy, radiant dwellers
Gathered on the shining shore;
And across the dark forbidden,
Wrapt in darkness—almost hidden—
Saw I those who dwell in torments,
Banished there forever more.

There a voice that, filled with wonder,
Said, "Behold, how far asunder
Bliss and woe are placed forever—
That they mingle never more!
These were happy once together,
Trusting, loving each the other,
Ere the blighting curse of Treason
Dared approach the radiant shore.

"Satan failed, and, failing, perished
All the hopes so fondly cherished,
That the universe should own him
Lord and master ever more.
Here we find accursed Treason
Foiled and baffled for a season,
Joined with Satan, working ruin,
As in heaven long before.

"Fear not, then, though myriad legions
Come from out those misty regions,
Armed with every evil passion—
Seeking vengeance ever more;
For, behold, the alarm is given,
And from out the gates of heaven
Reinforcements of bright angels
Coming from you shining shore!"

And I saw their banners streaming,
And their white wings brightly gleaming
As they came in countless numbers
From that far-off, God-lit shore;
And I felt the still air quiver,
Watching by that lonely river,
And I knew their wings were hovering
All my sleeping comrades o'er.

Then my soul in faith grew stronger,
Wrestled I with doubt no longer;
For my problem, in the solving,
Brought us good for ever more;
Treason, with its myriad legions,
Shall be banished to those regions
Far beyond Night's dismal shore,
There to dwell for ever more.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

We learn by the Topeka *Record* that the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society has received the following letter from the Commissioner of the Agricultural Department:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Washington, Oct. 30, '62.

F. G. ADAMS, Esq., Sec'y &c., Topeka, Kansas—*Dear Sir*—This Department is desirous of obtaining some agricultural statistics outside those contained in the Census returns.

If any such have been published by your society, or are readily attainable, will you do me the favor to forward them by mail?

Yours Respectfully, ISAAC NEWTON,
Commissioner.

We have repeatedly urged it upon the enterprising agriculturalists of the different counties of the State to see to it that full statistics are collected and furnished the State Agricultural Society for the annual report. The newspapers generally of the State warmly seconded the efforts of the Society in this matter. Full publicity has been given this important undertaking of the Society. Yet we fear that some counties will have no representation in the report to be made. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," and the men who ought to see to this work, will leave it to their neighbors, and it will go undone. *But it is somebody's business.* It is the business of every man, in each county, who holds or aspires to hold, an office in the county. Especially is it the business of the men who have just now been elected to the Legislature. The Senator, or Member who shall fail to cause to be sent up a full statement of the agriculture of his district, ought to feel ashamed to take a seat in the body to which he has been elected.

Congress has deemed the improvement and development of the agriculture of the country to be of so much importance that a department has been created specially devoted to it. The principal work of the department is to collect, systematize, and to analyze the statistics of the various branches of agriculture, so that the intelligent farmers of the country may be furnished with information in regard to the various products, by which means they may be enabled to pursue their calling with a knowledge of it. The knowledge, among our farmers, of the right adaptation of farming in Kansas, is more crude than is the case in any other State of the Union; because the soil, climate, products and markets are comparatively new. We should then be foremost in this work of statistics.

The gentlemen composing the State Agricultural Society have voluntarily bestowed much labor in presenting this subject to the farmers of the State. Blanks have been sent to the County Clerk of each county, to be distributed by him among the township trustees. Upon these blanks the reports are to be made and forwarded to the Secretary of the Society at Topeka. But the trustee will, of course, in a majority of cases, totally neglect the work; it is not what he was elected to, and there is *no pay in it.* Then the Probate Judge of the county, or the County Clerk, or the members of the County Board, or the members of the Legislature should do it, or should cause it to be done.

We enjoin it upon every public man who has a spark of State or County pride about him, to see to it that, so far as his duty is concerned, Kansas shall not be wanting in an exhibit to the country of her various agricultural products and resources.

AN EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.

A foreign journal, in an able article against the punishment of death, publishes the following curious details: "When at the end of the last century, the terrible machine of Dr. Guilotin made its appearance, it gave rise to a great controversy among the faculty throughout Europe. The inventor pretended and believed that death by his instrument was easier than by any other means, and that the rupture of vertebra, the nerves and all the organs of the head, killed the whole body at once and instantaneously. Several experiments were made at Vienna. Some prisoners were to be executed, and several medical men, who had already disputed the correctness of the statement of Dr. Guillotin, obtained permission to remain on the scaffold during the execution, and when a head was cut off it was delivered to them. The first was that of a young man. The eyes were closed and the tongue protruded. Eight minutes were allowed to expire, when the tongue was drawn in, and the face made a grimace indicative of pain. The second was that of a woman. The eyes were open, and their supplicating looks were accompanied by many tears. Fourteen minutes after the execution, the eyes turned toward the side from which the name was called. A third head was that of the most guilty of the criminals. A slap was given to the face, when the eyes opened, the face flushed with an indescribable expression of anger and ferocity, and a shudder of anguish was visible upon the neck being touched."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

Professor Parsons, of the Cambridge Law School thus defends the constitutionality of the President's Proclamation of Freedom:

There are three questions concerning the President's Emancipation Proclamation. One, has he a constitutional power to issue it, as a civil, political or administrative act? The second, was it expedient? The third, has he constitutional power as Commander-in-Chief, to issue it, at this time, as a military act?

These questions are perfectly distinct. One of the most common and most fruitful causes of error upon all subjects is the mingling of questions which are distinct in themselves, but so near each other that they confuse each other.

Judge Curtis mingles these questions so entirely, that no study of his pamphlet enables me to see clearly, as to much of his argument, upon which of the questions it is intended to bear.

Let us separate these questions.

I am sure that the President has no power to emancipate a single slave, as a civil, political, or administrative act.

Was it expedient? I leave this question to the President. For he is honest; he is capable; he has considered the question long, carefully and painfully, and in all the relations in which it can present itself. However wise I may be, or Judge Curtis may be, on this subject, the President must be wiser, or all rules of probability fail.

As to the remaining question, I have not the slightest doubt of his constitutional power, as Commander-in-Chief, to issue this proclamation as a military act.

If Halleck, when before Corinth, might have sent a force a hundred miles to catch and bring into his lines a hundred negroes with the wagons, horses and provisions they were bringing to Beauregard, the President and Commander-in-Chief, sitting in the centre with wider views, wider necessities, may, if he can, prevent the whole mass of slaves to feed the rebellion. He may, if he can, by the danger of insurrection or of starvation, or of loss of property, dishearten the rebels and drive their armies home.

To say otherwise, would be to say that he might strike a rebellion, but must be careful not to strike away its corner-stone.

Can he do it in fact? This question touches the expediency of the measure, and this I leave to him. But it does not touch his military right to threaten it, and to do it if he can.

Judge Curtis speaks much and eloquently of the President's right to inflict "penalty" and "punishment," and the rights of the rebels to the protection of the law.

Rebellion has no rights. If rebellion means anything it means the renunciation and destruction of all law. And, therefore, it is accursed before God and man.

No rebel has any right a regard to which should weaken or obstruct any military measure, needed to subdue the rebellion.

Judge Curtis's argument would give the constitution and the law to the rebels, as their sword to smite with, and their shield to save them; and leave it to us only as a fetter.

Then he tells us the innocent must suffer with the guilty. This is true and it is sad. But when the mingled fire and hail of God's vengeance run along the ground, they pursue no devious path that they may leave the homes of the innocent unharmed; for when national sins bring national calamities the innocent suffer with the guilty. This may be one of the mysteries of Providence; it is at all events facts. And what has been will be.

Return of the Columbia and Missouri Expedition.

Capt. John Mullan, U. S. A., commander of the Columbia and Missouri overland route expedition, and party, arrived at New York on Friday last, by the Aspinwall steamer Ariel, from Washington Territory.

Capt. Mullan and party left New York five years ago, under instructions from the War Department, to proceed to the North Pacific coast in Washington Territory, there to organize an expedition of some three hundred employes to open up and construct a practicable military and emigrant route from the headwaters of the Columbia river to the headwaters of the Missouri river—from Fort Walla-Walla, on the Pacific, to Fort Benton, on the Atlantic side—across the Rocky Mountains, and passing through the Territories of Washington and Dacotah. The party have passed four successive winters in the Rocky Mountains. This important work has been finally completed, leaving a good wagon road across the mountains. Some three hundred United States recruits from the Atlantic States passed over this line in 1860, and during the past summer some four hundred emigrants landed at Fort Benton, which is the highest point on the Missouri river yet reached by steam. They traveled over this route to the Columbia river, in Oregon. They have already reached their destination in the valleys of Oregon and Washington. The line is said to traverse an interesting region of country, presenting extensive tracts of rich agricultural land, capable of supporting a large population. The explorations of the party have resulted in many developments of great importance to the correct geography of our Northern domain. Extensive deposits of gold have been discovered in the Bitter Root, Deer Lodge, Prickly Pear, and Big Nole valleys. Some two thousand miners are now at work in these districts. Iron, copper, lead and coal have also been found along the route. The general geological formation of the mountain ranges has met with most special and thorough examination. During the journeyings of the expedition delegations from the the various Indian tribes along the route called on Capt. Mullan and stated that they had witnessed the construction of the road through their country without any intention or disposition to offer molestation to the party, but they desired to form a strong bond of friendship and good understanding with the whites. Capt. Mullan and party have been ordered to Washington city, to there prepare the maps and reports of their labors, in order to present the same to the next Congress; and there is every reason to look forward at an early date to a new route of travel to and from the Pacific coast, via the Columbia and Missouri rivers, where the transit is only six hundred miles, and over which a first-class wagon road has now been constructed.

THE INDIANS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

When a body is burned, the widow of the deceased, if he has one, is placed upon the pile with the corpse, and almost scorched to death; and should she attempt to run away, she is pushed back into the flame by the relatives of her husband, and not until her body becomes one mass of blisters is she permitted to remove from the burning pile. After the body has been consumed, she collects the ashes, and places them in a small basket, which she never fails to carry about with her. At the same time she becomes for three years the slave or drudge of the relatives of her late husband, who treat her in the most cruel manner and with every indignity. After the three years are expired, she is summoned to a great feast made by all the kindred, and is then set free and permitted to marry again. The Indian race in British Columbia is unquestionably dangerous and brutal. A gray-haired man is seldom seen, because of the custom prevalent among them, in obedience to which the relatives, sons and daughters, get rid of the old man when he becomes too feeble to support himself. At this stage he is generally strangled with a halter usually made with twisted bark, or suddenly dispatched by a blow from a tomahawk. An apology for this practice was once written, urging that the savages so poor and wandering must either leave their old people to starve or mercifully extinguish them.

☞ All the rebel officers, civil and military, make Confederate scrip just as they happen to want. John Morgan manufactured $50,000 of the shinplasters in Lexington in a single day, and circulated it among the people, and the form upon which he printed a huge batch at Danville is still standing at the *Tribune* office in that town.

☞ "Shall I paint your cheeks for you, wife?" "No, husband, you have done it often enough by making me blush for you."